



A NEW SONG CALLED
THE EXILES RETURN

Songs of the green old Isle,
Pay attention for a while,
Glad tidings I'll relate unto thee
The hours they are returning
And our hearts with love is burning,
Thanks to heaven they're once more at li-
berty,

CHORUS—

So let us cheer them three times three,
They're once more at liberty,
They loved their country every man
God save Ireland was their cry,
They were reconciled to die,
Like the brave Manchester Martyrs who
are gone,

Long live our worthy Mayor,
Whose heart is just and fair,
To the house of Commons did repair in
ful speed,
With McCarthy Downin & Maguire,
He never did retire,
Until the Fenian prisoners were free

Oh glory to the men,
Who brought these Exiles home again
To the land of old Erin Macoree
And we hope before its long,
O'Donovan Kossa & every man,
Of the Fenians will get their Liberty,

Ah—But what about McCrane,
Whose heart was sound & pure,
In the lone wood of Killetooney he stood
By Peter Crowley's side,
Who fought there till he died,
And the river ran red with his blood,

Oh what a happy change,
To see the men who were in chains
Restored to their friends & country,
Oh thanks to the O'Connor Don,
A true Meathian Son,
And every man who sought their liberty,

So now to end those lines,
May we soon see better times,
May peace & plenty soon flourish on our
shore,
And I hope we'll shortly see,
Granny Sons at liberty,
With their friends in old Ireland once more